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Phil LeNoir

"My Gawd!" said Tex, "my stomick's ruint"—
Down on the ol' Bar-G.

We quit that job an' cook-ladee
Down on the ol' Bar-G.
An' pulled our freight for the lone prair-ee,
Down on the ol' Bar-G.
For out on the range we could chew an' cuss
An' git real mean an' bois-ter-uss,
Whar apron-strings they couldn't rope us
Down on the ol' Bar-G.

OL' DYNAMITE

The outlaw stands with blindfold eyes,
His feet set wide apart;
His coal-black hide gleams in the sun—
Thar's killin' in his heart.

A puncher squats upon his heels,
His saddle at his side;
He's sizin' up Ol' Dynamite,
That he is booked to ride.

The cowboy rises, lifts his saddle—
A little tune he's hummin';
Walks cat-like all around the hoss—
"Hold him, boys, I'm comin'!"

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Now up above the outlaw's back
He lifts the load o' leather;
Then care-ful-lee he lets it down,
Like the droppin' of a feather.

Ol' Dynamite he stands stock-still,
Plumb like a gentled pony.
A leap, a yell! an' Buck's all set—
"On with the cer-e-mo-nee!"

The snubbers rip the blindfold off,
The punchers yip and yell.
Ol' Dynamite gives one grand snort,
Then starts his little Hell.

He plunges forward on his feet,
His hind heels in the air.
Then up an' down he bucks an' backs
Like a loco rockin' chair.

But now he stops—he spins around—
He bawls, he bites, he kicks!
He rares straight up into the air,
Then down on two steel sticks.

But look! "My Gawd!" the crowd screams out,
"He's boltin' for the stand!"
Then just as quick he jerks up short—
Thar's Buck a-stickin' grand.

Phil LeNoir

Buck leaps to earth, lifts his hat,
 Bows to the whirl of cheers—
Then turning slides his saddle off,
 An' quickly disappears.

THE PUNCHER POET

Jest onct I was a temperamental, sentimental poet—
Grew a man like Colonel Cody's for to show it.
 I'd write poems in my dreams
 And I'd sing 'em to the teams.
 Yup!
A sentimental, ornamental poet.

Wrote a poem onct about ol' Bloody Bill,
Told about the many humans he had killed,
 Took him through his entire life,
 Showed his love an' showed his strife.
Then I hung up like a lunger on a hill.

I was near the happy ending of my tale,
Had ol' Billy ketched an' in the county jail—
 When the words plum petered out,
 Wouldn't flow, wouldn't spout.
Then I roared an' hit the temperamental trail.

I went to pawin' an' a clawin' for them words,
Skeered the wife an' sent her roostin' with the birds.
 But they wouldn't come alive